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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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EMBRY-RIDDLE

Fly Paper "STICK TO IT"

VOL. VI

AUGUST 27, 1943

NO. 19

EMBRY-RIDDLE MOURNS DEATH OF G. WILLIS TYSON Jr.

HE did more than was asked of him before he was asked. Selfless, loyal, and fully gifted with the greatest of all attributes, the ability to make and keep friends by the legion, G. Willis Tyson will be missed not only for himself but also for the way of life he represented, because his was the complete existence, happy in its sense of accomplishment.

Throughout this world at War men are paying the supreme sacrifice every moment of every day, paying it without the concrete knowledge or actual proof of their own achievements or contribution to the common cause.

G. Willis Tyson was more fortunate. Every offensive operation carried out by the RAF and the U. S. Army Air Forces is a living, glorious tribute to the foresight, patience and understanding of him and the too few men like him. Peace and victory will come all the sooner because of them.

We here at Embry-Riddle have suffered an indelible, irreplaceable loss. So has aviation. His genius and ability helped to nurse the young sprawling industry into maturity.

G. Willis Tyson has gone, but the dreams he left and achievements will continue to grow and develop. A great man has shown us the way.



G. WILLIS TYSON, JR.

WITH flags at half mast and hearts heavy, Riddle Field mourns the death of General Manager G. Willis Tyson, Jr. "Ty" or "Gee," as he was known to most of us, was fatally injured Wednesday, August 19, when he landed at Dale Mabry Field, Tallahassee. The wing of a P47 clipped his ship, pinning him in the cockpit. His skull fractured, he never regained consciousness.

A key man of the Embry-Riddle organization since the inauguration of World War II's Carlstrom Field, Mr. Tyson was well known throughout all the Divisions. His fairness and honesty endeared him to all.

Eighteen years' experience in the air, a log book registering over 5,000 hours, and a Manchester, England childhood made him the perfect person for handling the job of training British boys first at Carlstrom and then at Riddle Field.

Last year Mr. Tyson visited England at the invitation of the British Air Ministry. He inspected the training facilities and methods of the RAF during his six weeks' trip.

It is difficult to believe that soft spoken, "right-way" Tyson began his aviation career barnstorming in California back in the twenties, but barnstorming he did for three years after his first solo flight in one of the old Curtis "Jennies."

Continued on Page 5



IN MEMORIAM



G. WILLIS TYSON



The pictures on these two pages were taken by Charles C. Ebbets, Chief of the Photographic Division and close personal friend of G. Willis Tyson. (Upper left) Mr. Tyson, John Paul Riddle, Air Commodore D. V. Carnegie, Group Capt. H. A. V. Hogan, W/C George Greaves and Capt. L. J. Povey. (Middle) Mr. Tyson at his desk. (Right) Wing Commander Kenneth Rampling, former C/O at Riddle Field, receives the salute at a Wings Parade at Riddle Field. From left to right: W/C Rampling, S/L Frederick Hill, Mr. Riddle, the late P/L W. G. Nickerson and Mr. Tyson. Second row: Barbecue party: Capt. Povey, Mrs. Povey, Mr. Tyson and Mrs. Tyson. A moment of relaxation at the Inn: Director of Flying Hunziker, Supt. of Maintenance Hutson, Mr. Tyson, James Durden and Ernie Smith. The first picture in the third row was taken during the visit of Air Marshall G. Garrod, fifth from left, at Riddle Field. Also in the group are Gen. George Stratameyer, the late Gen. Clarence Tinker and Lord Douglas Hamilton. Next picture shows W/C Maude on the extreme left while inspecting the Field. Brig. Gen. John J. Williams is fourth from the left, Mr. Riddle fifth and Mr. Tyson on the extreme right. Lower: At the dance given at Sugarland in Clewiston for the RAF Benevolent Fund, Mr. Tyson is stooping in front of Mr. Riddle. Seated are Mr. Riddle, Wain R. Fletcher, Mrs. Tyson and S/Comdr. Johnny Cockrill. Middle picture shows Mr. Tyson presenting an athletic award. The lower right-hand picture was taken at the last Listening Out dinner. Seated at the table are S/L Hill, Mr. Riddle, W/C Greaves, Mr. Tyson and F/L John Crossley.



RIDDLE FIELD



No. 5-B.F.T.S.



Upper left: G. Willis Tyson, John G. McKay, Vice-President of the Embry-Riddle Company, Grp. Capt. H. A. V. Hogan, Mr. Riddle and W/C George Greaves. Middle: Capt. Leonard J. Povey, Vice-President in charge of Flying Operations, G. Willis Tyson and Grp. Capt. H. A. V. Hogan. Right: John Paul Riddle presents diplomas at the Wings Parade. To his left are S/Ldr. Fred Hill and G. Willis Tyson. Second row: Capt. Povey, John McKay and Mr. Tyson chuckle together at a Christmas party. Mr. Tyson takes his son, "Larry," for a hop on a motor scooter at Riddle Field. Mr. Tyson poses with a group of Riddle Field personnel and British officials, including S/Ldr. George Burdick, W/C Kenneth Rampling, Air Commodore D. V. Carnegie, Grp. Capt. Hogan and S/Ldr. T. O. Prickett. Third row: An informal shot of Mr. Tyson and the British officials who appear in the right hand picture of the second row. Mr. Tyson, behind sunglasses, smiles as John McKay, extreme right, presents a diploma to a British Cadet. Lower: Mr. Tyson, extreme left, watches the winner cross the tape. Mr. Tyson presents the athletic award as W/C Rampling, to the right of the outstanding Cadet, looks on. Jack Hopkins shoots the gun to start a memorable race; in the line-up, Mr. Tyson is fourth from the left. Also competing are S/Ldr. Hill, Ernie Smith, Fred C. Hunziker, the late F/L W. G. Nickerson and W/C Rampling.

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by
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LETTERS TO RIDDLE FIELD EDITOR

Sgt. R. Townsend, 1392378
26 Breakspeares Road
Brockley
London, S. E. 4
England

Dear Hoppy:

I had intended to write three separate letters to my flying instructors, Stan Reed, Don Day and Sim Speer, but being naturally lazy I decided that you could pass the gen on to them and save me a lot of writing.

Since we have been back in this country, "we" being Course 10, we have flown in some weather that makes you want to thank the Link department for binding us so much. I myself have flown in weather that would have grounded us at Clewiston and not turned a hair, realizing that this was nothing extraordinary. The only time I was upset was at night when after take-off one timed his circuit and hoped to goodness when on the base leg he saw the flare path. I was extremely glad there was an instructor in the back seat.

I bumped into an instructor at this unit who had been at Clewiston around Course 5; his name was F/Sgt. Beard. Perhaps you can remember him. P/O Bennett ran into a chap of Course I, but I can't remember his name.

Quite a number of Course 10 came here, including Pilot Officers Bennett, Jamieson, Seddon, Wilinon and Miller; Sgts. Penny, Moody, Spragg, and of course, myself. We have all finished our course here. Bennett, Seddon and Miller went some time ago. Penny went this week, and all the rest of us hope to go soon. We have been flying Masters, and if we could get as much time on them as we did on AT6A's, we would love them just as much. In most ways they are a lot harder to get friendly with but have a lot of speed to play with. Well, that's enough about that—otherwise the Censor might object.

The first trip up hits everyone the same way, and the first thing you ask yourself is where the h— am I. There's England stretched underneath you, looking like a huge patchwork quilt, with thousands of landmarks looking exactly alike. The roadways look like the veins in the human body and the railway lines the arteries. It's like learning first-aid—get to know the arteries and forget the veins. Still we have been initiated now and have got over that panicky stage, thank goodness.

I am at present enjoying seven days leave, hence my home address on the heading of this letter. London is, it seems to me anyway, far busier now than it ever was. Every theatre is running a show, and they are all packed out. Considering most of the talent is either in the forces or entertaining the forces, the shows are good. The

movies are running lots of the old films, owing, no doubt, to Clark Gable's being in the Army.

Bob Hope as you know is over here and did a radio programme last Sunday, or perhaps it was Saturday, called "Yankee Doodle Doodle." It is a regular programme here and I believe it is broadcast to the U.S.A. Bob Hope is, I think, as popular if not more popular here than in the U.S.A. His programme has been recorded and replayed in this country for at least two years and his films always get a good showing, perhaps due to Dorothy Lamour or Bing Crosby.

I have met quite a number of U.S. boys over here and their main difficulty seems to be in understanding the weather, especially those who come from the sunny ole south. Most people try to give them a good time, but we are rather restricted owing to gas rationing and food rationing; and, in most cases, the whole family works very long hours.

On the whole, they are rather scared to ask a policeman any questions. I don't know whether they are frightened in case they will hit them, but as you know police here aren't armed and we look on them more as information bureaus, not that I would like to chance crossing them at any time.

Well, I can't think of much more to write. The Fly Papers are arriving regularly. I would like to be remembered to everyone at Clewiston and to assure them that if their ears burn often, it must be us talking about them. So for the present, the best of luck, from

Russell Townsend

Editor's Note: Thanks for the nice letter, Russell. Your friends here will remember you as the Cadet from Australia. Write again when you find the time, as it is always nice hearing from you lads over there.

20, Redland Park
Bristol 6,
England

To the Editor:

My son, E. R. Parfitt, has just reached home after winning his wings in Florida. He was in Course 12 and informed me that a photograph would be sent here to me of graduation day and presentation of wings to the RAF lads of that Course.

We mothers are justly proud of those boys and surely would have loved to have been there on that great day in our boys' lives, but we could not be, so if a photograph is available, I would deem it a favour to receive it, and it will always be cherished by me. I would like also to get the Fly Paper for June onwards, and the one for May 24th if there is any news in it about the graduation of Course 12.

My son cannot speak too highly of his Instructors, who were most kind and also of the civilians who played a large part in making our lads happy in their spare time. I too, in my home, entertain some of your boys here, and I feel there is a bond of friendship springing up that will be unbreakable in the future between servicemen and civilians alike. My son speaks with affection of an American Cadet who trained with him, called Bill. He says he was one of the best.

My son has just returned to duty, after two weeks leave, and that completed the happiest (but hardest) nine months of his life, he told me. God bless those boys, yours and ours, and may they always have "Happy Landings." From a devoted English mother,

Mrs. F. M. Parfitt

Editor's Note: Thank you for your lovely letter, Mrs. Parfitt. We knew your son personally, and the picture of his graduating class is enroute to you. We shall send the back issues of the Fly Paper to you immediately.

Sgt. C. P. Hellewell, 1541543
Manor Crescent
Grimethorp, Barnsley
Yorks, England

Dear Editor:

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking you for the Fly Papers I am receiving each week. It's grand to see the Field is still existing without Course 10! I was pleased to see we came first in Wings exams, much to the surprise of the Ground School Instructors and the RAF Staff.

I am afraid I can't give you much gen on the rest of the fellows, but my friend Sgt. Lang is taking Coastal Command training somewhere and Sgts. Fox, Quarmby and Salmon are being converted to twin engine Instructors. I last saw Pilot Officers Wilkinson, Taylor and Jamieson at A.F.U. on Masters.

I had another good surprise at A.F.U. when I met U.S.A. volunteer P/O Crawford of Course 9. He was posted to Scotland as an instructor, much to his horror! As for myself, I am converting to twin engined instructor at an Instructor's School somewhere in England! I enclose the paper cutting to let you know that S/L McLachlan is back again in action and having a good time!

Please give my regards to Instructors Hawkins, Veltri and Cushman, who had enough patience to take me through to "Wings." I only hope I will make successes of the same nature in my future duties.

My time unfortunately is limited, but I would like to thank you once again for the Fly Papers. Keep 'em Flying.

Yours truly,
C. P. Hellewell, Sgt.

Editor's Note: Thanks for your letter, Sgt. Hellewell. Another of Chiefly Ward's famous Course 10 members. We are glad you are receiving your Fly Paper regularly and shall see that it continues to come.

Sgt. T. P. Mighell, 1334173
RAF Bishops Courts
County Down
Northern Ireland

Dear Hoppy:

Thanks a million for your letter of May 21st which I received a few days ago together with the anniversary booklet. I feel greatly indebted to you as I think it a swell booklet and is a fine memento of the few happy months I spent in Florida. From what you say, Riddle Field seems to have changed greatly with all the new buildings.

As you can see from the address, I have moved from Scotland over here. I am on very much the same work although I have only been here for two days, but I cannot give you any gen because of security and censorship.

I believe "Boy" Lock is now on ops on Spitfires, and Frank Pegg has gone overseas. I saw Frank a few weeks ago whilst I was on another camp, and he was waiting to go then. He too is on Spitfires. I hope to hear from "Boy" soon, and he should give me some news about some of the boys then. The old Course 7 is certainly scattered now. By the way, I was on the same station as Jock Simms for a time a short while ago. He too is a Staff Pilot.

Well, I haven't anything more to tell you, Jack, so I'll say cheerio. My regards to everyone I knew at the Field.

Yours sincerely,
Phil

P.S. It's about ten months since I left Clewiston.

Editor's Note: Glad to learn that you received your anniversary booklet, Phil. Write us again when you have time, and give us all the gen on your Course 7 pals, if you know of any by then. Incidentally, the Jock Simms referred to in Phil's letter is from Course 2.

138 Turner Road
Dulwich
London, S. E. 21, England

Dear Sir:

Thank you very much for sending me the Fly Paper which I have received regularly for some weeks.

The news of No. 5 BFTS at Riddle Field is especially interesting to us, as my son is a Cadet there in Course 13. It makes us very happy to read of the care taken in the training and of all the kindness shown to the RAF Cadets at Clewiston. Thanking you again, I am

Yours sincerely,
M. Muraille

Editor's Note: It's good to know that you are getting your Fly Papers, Mr. Muraille, and we expect by now that your son is home, since Course 13 left some time ago. We knew your son very well. See if you can get him to talk to you about some ping-pong (or is it table tennis) matches he played with us.

BY PETER ORDWAY

The tribute to G. Willis Tyson appearing on page one was sent to us by Ensign Peter Ordway, U.S.N.R., who is stationed at the Naval Air Base in Dallas, Texas.

Ordway, former Dean of Admissions and a close personal friend of G. Willis Tyson, expresses for all of us the enormity of the loss Embry-Riddle has suffered.

N.F.S. (London)
37 D.I.V.
Briset Rd. School
Cltham
London, S. E. 9
England
July 8, 1943

Dear Editor,

Just a line of thanks for regular delivery of the old Fly Paper. Especially interesting was the last one, May 21, containing the "Roger Out" of Course 12.

I was very pleased to see a snap of my pal Stan Woodhams among the lucky ones. He was a fellow fireman during the Blitzes we had on London, and sure it's many a tight corner we've come out of.

I sure envy him his luck at having achieved what has been both our ambitions for a long time. Maybe you could convey my hearty congrats to him. I would greatly appreciate hearing from you, if it is possible to do so.

Hearty greetings from one of the "Dark Blues" to the "Light Ditto."

Yours faithfully,
E. R. Austin

Editor's Note: We have no way of reaching Stan directly now that he has left Riddle Field; however, his parents receive the Fly Paper regularly, and possibly they will pass your message along, Fireman Austin.

TYSON

Continued from Page 1

Later he opened his own flying school, and it was under his tutelage that S/C Smith, D/F Hunziker, F/C King and Carl Ziler sprouted their wings.

Before coming to Embry-Riddle, Tyson was a pilot for the Los Angeles-Caliente Air Lines and later became a CAA Inspector in the New York region. In 1939 he transferred to the Engineering department of the CAA, test piloting new types of aircraft. He resigned from the CAA in 1941 and came to Embry-Riddle.

Services were held Thursday, August 26, in Englewood, Calif. with S/L Hill and S/C Smith of Riddle Field attending.

To his wife, Doliska, his son, Lawrence, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Tyson of Los Angeles, we can say only that we of Embry-Riddle, we who knew and loved your son, husband, father, mourn with you. May the part he played in our War effort and in our lives be an inspiration to each of us.



Swimming Pool at Dorr Field

DORR DOINGS

by Jack Whitnall

Guest writer this week is none other than Margaret Lightfoot of Army Supply who recently transferred to the Main Field from Carlstrom. We said guest writer. Heh, heh — guest writer, or else.



Jack

When we told Margaret she had been elected to do some of the dirty work, she remarked that she could not write. We can not either. What does she think we have been doing all these months? No sarcasm.

We asked "Pop" Anderson if he would do us the honor of guest writing next week. We're afraid he was a little too eager. He remarked that he was hoping that some day we would call upon his literary powers because there has been something he's been wanting to tell about a certain person connected with the Field.

Signature

From "Drip" we heard that there was a doubt about "Pop's" being able to spell but that he knew for a certainty he could make his mark. Well, you know how these old people are.

For a future guest editor we have had our eye on a certain person on the Army side. Note to Mrs. Platt: "Drip" should have told you that he was a little jealous

of yours truly having all the fun, so next Saturday night the two Army trucks are going to Wauchula and Punta Gorda to pick up a load of girls for the Cadet Graduation dance. "Drip" begged for the Punta Gorda trip personally. We wonder why?

Suggested reading for habitual belly-achers: "The Man Without a Country."

A fast and furious game of croquet was played Sunday afternoon with Capt. Palmer and Lts. Anderson and Gailey on one side and Mrs. Palmer and Marion Crosby on the opposing team. The game started at 1:15 p.m. At 3:30 Lt. Gailey was the other side of the Hospital. Seems that he had the hardest time trying to hit the hoop.

PT Results

Capt. Palmer must have been practicing. With superb marksmanship, his ball just naturally went through the hoop (or was it luck). What have we been telling you about this early morning PT? The two ladies? Well, we saw Marion miss the ball entirely twice. We challenge "Pop" Anderson to a game at any time. The winner buys the Cokes.

Lt. Frank is back from a two-week furlough spent up Nawth. Welcome back, Lieutenant. Notice to Lt. Pinion; Who is that modest young man who leaves his wrist watch on while in swimming? Welcome to Lt. Cameron, new Physical Training Instructor, who, we hope, will bring more agony to the stalwart.

To'ably yours,
Jack

GREMLIN FEVER AT DORR FIELD

by "Liz" Gremlin, Guest Editor

"Liz" Gremlin—that's me! And don't pretend you don't know me. All I need is a good breakfast of wheatsies and then just watch my speed. I'm an E.G. I yam, I yam.

Don't look now but there is my favorite Lieutenant, none other than "Handy-Andy"! Quick, Albert, a banana peel. I'm going to teach him to slow down or else. You should see him dashing to the P.O. for those boxes of candy which he says are from his Sis. Come, come, Lieutenant, don't be two-timing me. Yep, your birthday was the 20th and candy is a lovely present from home, but whoever heard of two birthdays in one week? Lucky fellow. Sorry you didn't let me and the gang know sooner so that we could have fixed up some nice surprise for you.

Vitamin Plight

Aha! There's our Warrant Officer. Guess we Gremlins have been successful at getting all the vitamins outa his Post Toasties—sure hard things to catch though. Maybe "Worry-Wort" Mickey Mosquit got the ones we couldn't catch.

By the way, have you noticed Major Boyd's dog? He is spending his vacation here in the "Hollywood setting" and seems to be enjoying his stay because every time I start racing with his favorite flea for the spot behind that lovely right ear, I am interrupted by the sight of lovely creatures bending over him and saying, "Isn't he cute." All I can say is, "If you think he is cute you ought to see his master." All this time the "Black Beauty" is keeping his dignity.

Gremlin Meat

Gee, do you-all (I mean fellow Gremlins) want to have some fun? Just tag after Lt. Green—he is really one swell gent and a jolly good sport too. Now Lt. Gailey is sorta hard-boiled (well, on the surface!) so we go rather easy on him. Did he ever tell you of his Special Ration Book? We think it was a honey.

See those cute Refreshers who blew in lately? One girl remarked, "I don't know why they need any *refreshing*!" But they are a pretty good gang of guys and I'm for leaving them alone until they get into a rut; then we'll trip 'em up. (Course I'm sorta scared to get in those PT's with strangers too.)

Last week we saw Millard Andrews leave. Had fun teasing him now and then and we'll sho miss him now.

But the Accounting department has a new addition—none other than Martha Holbrook. We'll soon learn if she's a good sport by turning on our special brand of

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CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

by Kay Bramlitt

The entire personnel at Carlstrom Field wishes to extend its most sincere sympathy to the family of G. Willis Tyson, Jr. His untimely death was indeed ashock to his many friends here, and each and everyone of us who knew him has suffered a great personal loss.



Kay

Lt. Alan Kass of Class 42-G has been awarded the Air Medal for meritorious service while on duty with the 10th Air Force in India, Burma and China. Congratulations!

Promotion Day

Cigars were handed out right and left last week. The reason—Promotion Day at Carlstrom Field! Those receiving promotions were as follows: *Capt.* Norman D. Stuard, *1st Lt.* John F. Connelly, *1st Lt.* Charles A. Gillo, *1st Lt.* Jesse J. Graham, Jr., *1st Lt.* Stanley Greenwood and *1st Lt.* Alvin H. May, Jr. In the future, folks, please address these gentlemen with the proper titles (as set forth above).

Warney L. (Bing) Crosby and George F. Hammer left us this week for Brooks Field, Texas, where both of these former Flight Instructors will receive commissions as Second Lieutenants and ratings as Service Pilots. Best of luck to you both, and don't forget to let us know how you get along.

There seems to be some conjecturing going on, however, as to what Buster Birdsong will do without his Shadow, Bing; or should we say, what will the Shadow do without Buster?

Good Chow

Flight Two of Class 44-A were hosts to their wives and guests at a Fried Chicken Dinner at the Elk's Club last Thursday evening. The food was excellent (ask Red McKendry, Weir Williams or Kit Kitkowski), and a good time was enjoyed by all. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. E. S. McKendry, Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Hutchins, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Kitkowski, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. LeMire, Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Bishop, Kay Bramlitt, Weir Williams, Lawrence McCracken, Kenneth Hallauer and Cliff Quesenberry.

From what we hear, Joseph Rossi (Flight Instructor) is learning to play the piano. And his teacher is none other than Vivian Parker of Arcadia. Hurry up those lessons, Joe, and maybe you'll play in the new orchestra.

Oh, yes, that reminds us. Inasmuch as it is almost impossible to find an orchestra to play for the Civilian-Army personnel dances held at the Fields (Carlstrom and Dorr) once a month, some of the boys at the two Fields are endeavoring to form

a Dance Band. Two meetings have been held thus far, and quite a bit of interest is shown. So, it may not be too long before Carlstrom and Dorr Fields will have a Band of its own. Here's hoping!

Swimming Party

The Ad building "gang" recently entertained at another one of those super-duper parties (remember the Kid Party). This time the place was Ryan's Swimming Pool in Arcadia, and the time was 7 p.m. (although most everyone arrived an hour or so late). Refreshments consisted of hot dogs (notice the plural, please), iced tea and cookies.

Rod Vestal added hilarity to the party when he made his entrance in an old-fashioned black wool suit (long sleeves and legs, high neck and tight-fitting). To complete the get-up, Rod wore a huge, black, handle-bar moustache (to go with his very blonde hair) and carried a dainty black umbrella. Oh, if only Ebbets had been there with his little camera!

Also There

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Bullock, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. "Slim" McAnly, Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Lightfoot, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Vestal, Messrs. Hyed and VanDyke, Larry Roe and Peggy Brown, Jackie Livingston and A/C Ray (the one we've all heard so much about recently), Roberta Dudley and A/C Craig, Nell Monk and Mart Gould, S. E. Harrison and Merry Lou Pirman, Gwen Carr, Rosie Bullock, Kay Bramlitt and Buster Birdsong, and some others we can't seem to remember.

However, we did see A/C Ray Morris with Jackie Livingston, A/C Craig Moore with Roberta Dudley, A/C Ed Quist with

NEWS FLASH!

Two former Carlstrom Cadets have been awarded the Legion of Merit, in the degree of Legionnaire, by the Commanding General, United States Army Forces in the South Pacific Area, by direction of the President. They are Dale V. Maupin (then Corporal) of Iowa, and Francis J. O'Connell (then Staff Sergeant) of Ohio. Congratulations to these two boys from the personnel of the Field.

Gwen Carr and A/C Robert Butler with Rosie Bullock.

The two parties given by the Ad building "gang" have proved so successful that it has been decided to have at least one party each month.

Roberta Dudley, our attractive Postmistress, is leaving shortly to take a secretarial position in Wilmington, N. C. We hate to lose you, Berta, but best of luck anyway.

Calahan Decorated

We were most happy to receive a letter from Mrs. A. Callahan (mother of Lt. George Callahan of Class 41-H). Mrs. Callahan stated that she enjoys the Fly Paper very much. George has been decorated with the Silver Star, the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal, while on duty overseas, and is now stationed at Morris Field, Charlotte, N. C. Thanks, Mrs. Callahan, for your letter. We enjoyed it very much.

It would be greatly appreciated if parents of other Carlstrom graduates would let us know how their boys are getting along. It would help us immensely in keeping our Honor Roll Board accurate.

Good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue.—Izaak Walton



To the Flight Line at Carlstrom

UNION CITY NEWS LETTER

Ken Stiverson, Editor

B. C. Humphries, Howard Cooper, S/Sgt. Bond, T/Sgt. Cannon, A/C Ralph Clifford, Associates

That confounded alarm shakes the bedroom windows at a quarter to six and I must get completely out of bed to shut it off. If it is too handy I can easily shut it off and go back to sleep.



Ken

Then I must stagger around the room hunting for a cigarette. Ten minutes for a smoke, five minutes to shave, and the rest of the time until six-thirty is spent dressing and reading the morning paper. Then time to eat and grab another cigarette before catching the seven o'clock bus.

The bus arrives on schedule as usual, and after haggling with the driver over the fare I find a seat back of Paul and David Moore. They are not relatives, just brother Instructors.

Flight Line

At exactly seven-twenty we pull to a stop at the Flight Line. By this time everyone is in a hurry because there is much to be done before flying starts.

Arriving at Operations, the "ship list" is examined and the planes divided among the flights according to number of Cadets and the average flying time. I look at the assignment boards and find that Flight X is a little behind the other flights and have the same number of Cadets, so they rate an extra ship.

The Dispatchers leave Operations to post their ships, and I must go out on the field and set the wind tee.

Almost time for flying to start and Charles Sullivan drives up in a station

wagon. George Jones climbs out of the weather ship and talks to Charlie a moment. They want the wind velocity and I give it to them. Everything is okay so no flags are run up on the pole on top of the tower.

The Cadets have arrived on the line and there is a rush for 'chutes.

Anne McCord asks me about Cross Country and I call Major Breeding and get his permission.

Warming Up

By this time ships are warming up on the line. The Line Foreman comes in and pulls two ships for minor adjustments. One is a dual ship so I must find the Instructor another one right away. We can't afford to lose flying time. There is some swapping of ships among the Dispatchers. Some have an extra one that another flight needs so it is loaned to them for that period, on condition that the favor will be returned at the first opportunity later in the day.

Everything is beginning to hum. Ships taking off . . . Cadets asking for clearance to Link Trainer . . . Larry Walden getting his students in a huddle to plan the Cross Country flight.

Instructors of the lower class going to their ships followed by their Cadets, reminding one of a mother hen with her chicks trailing after. There goes Roy North, Lewis Dickson, Ben Gorham, Claude Myers, Jimmy Cleveland, and a host of others.

Time Out

After we have wrung the hangars and flight line dry of planes, and they are all in the air, there are a few minutes to relax.

Not for long, however, a call from Sgt. Bond of Link Trainer and another Cadet must be rushed up to take the place of a man who failed to report for Link.

We make a note of the man's name who did not report and call him in later in the day and find out why.

Flight Commanders Ryans and Watts want some information. We contact Chic Clark who decides that each Cadet must have a certain number of landings before graduation. All questions pertinent to the operation of the flight line must be double checked as the regulations are changed at a moment's notice.

I slip off for a few minutes to check the condition of the ready rooms, grade charts, etc. I mustn't forget to go through the Refresher Room. Maybe one has passed his final check and is buying cokes.

Coming back to operations I listen to a complaint from an Instructor and promise to do what I can to straighten it out.

The next few hours are spent checking reports, flying time, etc. Time must be taken out, however, to argue with Brannon and Ryan over something of no importance. After abusing and insulting each other for five minutes the argument dies away good naturedly and the daily reports must be got out.

I Give Up

A Flight Commander is using the family typewriter so I cajole, threaten and finally resort to verbal abuse, keeping my structure between him and the door, ready for a quick exit. Finally I give up and take a short rest until he is through.

Now it is time for the afternoon distribution of planes. All the morning flights are safe on the line and the Dispatchers on the afternoon shift are bustling around getting last minute details ironed out.

Before I know it, it is one-thirty and I can find time to grab a sandwich and a coke at the Canteen.

Then back to the Tower to spend an hour posting dual time for the day before.

Purchase requests must be made out for some supplies from the stockroom. I must approve the request with my signature and find Charlie Sullivan for his approval on the order.

Chic Clark calls me over to his desk and

GROUND SCHOOL AT UNION CITY



we try to figure out a design for a Status Board for the Auxiliary Fields. George Jones and Charlie Sullivan suggest a change in the design and after it is drawn up I make a job order for it.

Now there is time to scribble a few lines for the next issue of the Fly Paper, or to wander over to the Canteen for a few minutes. It is getting close to four o'clock so a final check is made of the Dispatcher's office.

If everything is running smoothly, I can catch the next bus and the working day is over.

TO OUR INSTRUCTOR

by Roxie J. Meo and William Abel DeHaan

Here's to you, our flying teacher,
We think you should have been a preacher,
You rant and rave and tear your hair,
For every hour we're in the air,
We get pretty tired of your abuse,
Sometimes we're sure you'll blow a fuse,
And when our maneuvers "Ain't just 'on the beam',"
You grab for the mouthpiece and spout
off some steam.
It's "Watch your Tach," "Stay on the track,"
"You're not thinkin'," "Your flying's stinkin',"
You're slipping, you're skidding, you're climbing, you're diving,
An it seems you're a master of "front" seat driving;
When maneuvers go sour, 'tis a continual song,
"You had the controls . . . I'm never wrong!"
And when the weather is damp and cold, you sit
By the fire like you're ninety years old,
But when the days are warm and clear,
We know you'll be there, just to pound in our ear,
"Poor Planning," you scream with a horrible roar,
We try to get straight and you holler some more,
We get pretty tired of seeing your back,
And you always sit so we can't see the Tach.
We do a Chandelle and end up in a dive,
And when we come back, you give us a five.
But your grading is fine—you sure know the score,
When we do something perfect, we might get a four.
When you put down a three, we know it's a trick,
Your fingers have slipped—or else you are sick!
When our patterns are forty and not forty-five,
You pick up the tube and "give with the five."
* * *
But we're on'y kiddin', you're a real right guy,
With your patient help, we might learn to fly.
Perchance, if we do, and can soar in the blue,
We'll soon earn our wings, and give thanks to you!

CHAPMAN CHATTER

by Cara Lee Cook

A sudden quietness has overtaken the Field this past week. It is positively deafening and most amazing,



"Cookie"

on the order of the lull before the storm variety. Everywhere I look people just seem to be waiting, and Christmas is so far away, I keep telling them!

For instance, there is Tillie Tiley who is waiting for the landcrabs to withdraw. Harriet Van deVeer patiently waits for Gene's letters. Lola Hayes waits for correspondence from Brazil and all points west. Betty Ford waits for the typewriter fixer-upper who never comes. June Page is waiting for 6 years to elapse.

Aren't We All?

Mr. deVay is waiting till the day when some inevitable power forces a young fortune up on him so he can swiftly forget how to add, adjust and invoice. Ann Pozsgay is waiting for Jim. Wilbur Sheffield can be found at 5:30 p.m. any day patiently waiting for Mr. "G," as Jeannette Mickel in turn waits for Wilbur.

Billy Fernandez waits for that day when "ship schedule" will just be another password to some honorable retreat club and when the overworked telephone crawls off somewhere and forgets it was born. The Flight Instructors wait for solo periods, the red flag, pay day and solo bonuses.

And if all these waiting hours were totaled, we would be second only to the Times Square Subway Station. Waiting seems to be the main pastime, but we should worry as long as it's not at the long end of a bread line.

Sand in His Shoes

Last Monday Mr. Gibbons was gladly welcomed back to our fair city from which he claims, "he will roam no more." Sounds like there's sand in his shoes.

All sympathies and condolence go to our dachshund mascot, Hugo, who has a bad case of tonsillitis. Hugo will undergo an operation for said ailment in the near future. The knot on his head looks like the result of a Custer's last stand battle with one of his landcrab playmates, who, finding his skin immune to pain, tried to club him to death with his claw.

We went all out to get Martha Alexander (now Mrs. Charles Pankow) happily married last week, thanks to "The Gang." The double ring ceremony was lovely and the bride was beautiful. But why did they keep throwing rice on Dave DaBoll? That isn't the first time he's appeared in public with a shirt, tie and coat on.

The Control Tower, which recently was equipped with air conditioning, thanks to Cadet Hood, is practically ready for use

and should be the "cure-all" for many headaches caused by lack of sufficient room and ample breathing space for Instructors and Cadets. Because of past experiences it has been suggested that the Deck Officer on the upper floor be equipped with parachute and a Mae West Jacket in case sudden exit is necessary.

Double Duty Idea

It also has been suggested that a scenic cable car service be constructed from the Control Tower to the Canteen, not only to provide a means of commuting from the Canteen to the Tower, but also as a way of giving the trainees "confidence maneuvers" without breaking recent CAA regulations. An' look at the instrument time that could be logged on a rainy and foggy day.

It was almost unbelievable to observe (from afar) the battle royal Mr. Hadley, Mr. Heffin and Mr. Camden had with the multitude of pugnacious landcrab stowaways in the Stinson Reliant. If Mr. Hadley chased one crab out of the tail fuselage, he chased 75 while the receptive committee promptly committed murder on them.

Charlie Stabler was welcomed back this week after an extended vacation. He looks very well, but what we want to know is, "is you, or ain't you? If not, why not, huh?"

GREMLIN DOINGS

Continued from Page 6

Gremlinitis. You know, transposing figures, hiding memos and maybe a dollar bill or spilling ink on the cute green jumper she had on the other day.

Maybe I shouldn't brag but I was feeling awfully foxy not long ago and tripped up two D.F. gals; both are now doctoring their knees. Hope you aren't mad at me, Dona and Clara. Gee, ain't I a stinko? Wonder where our gallant guard, Jack Whitnall, was about that time.

Haven't moved in on Mr. Reimann (our new baker) as yet, for the pies are so good—yum, yum, that I just can't bring myself to put red pepper or gasoline in them.

How do you like that snazzy c'yar Mr. Mougey's driving these days? From what I hear he has a pardner in ownership. Yep, it is his hunting car and his wife's "Town Car." Gee, but wouldn't it be fun to deflate the tires between here and town some rainy afternoon? See, I enjoy the world's being down on me.

Well, Jack, I did my Gremlinist to write somethin' for you and the "family," but after all I gotta lot to do just blowing sand all over the hangars, rumpling the blankets on those Kadet's bunks, shining the girls' faces, ringing Mrs. Wendel's and Mr. Gensemer's phones for no good reason—so you finish Dorr Doings and I'll keep everybody on the alert and outa the ruts. Gee, ain't I the most popular gal in town. Everybody just lurves me so.

Here's pestering you again,
"Liz"

Brazil... The Land and The People

In Brazil geography is important—because Brazil's advantages and disadvantages, her accomplishments and problems, her relationship with the rest of the world never get very far away from her physical conformation.

Generally, when dealing with the subject in connection with Brazil, it is best to round up all available synonyms for big. The maximum north-south and east-west axes of the country span 2,700 miles. Total area pushes 4,000,000 square miles.

Topographically, the land divides roughly into four regions. Largest, least known

nually, the area is subjected to periodic and devastating droughts.

In some sections irrigation has relieved dependence on the weather and allows successful cultivation of cacao, cotton, sugar cane, tobacco and fiber grasses. The forests yield nut oils of considerable commercial value and carnauba wax. But the thinly spread habitants have their troubles making ends meet. There is a living here for hundreds of thousands of people—but man must first provide the water.

Prodigal Nature

The third and fourth divisions, the rich and hospitable hiss country of the southern third of Brazil, and the narrow, fertile coastal strip from Porto Alegre northward to Recife, on the bulge, are the heart and soul of Brazil. Here, on less than 30 per cent of the land, live nine-tenths of the nation's 41,400,000 people. The climate is well mannered, the altitude stimulating and nature prodigal. The rolling hill country of the States of Rio Grande de Sul, Sao Paulo, and land-locked Minas Gerais, and the plains washed by the Atlantic are the dream of an empire builder come true.

In these third and fourth divisions are concentrated a preponderance of the chief cities, the roads and railways, the productive capacity and the wealth.

The people are a well-stirred mixture of many stocks. The base is Portuguese. To this base has been blended strains of Dutch, French, Italian, German, Indian, Swiss, Belgian, Polish, Swedish and Russian blood. The great tolerance native to

the Brazilian has aided in the thorough assimilation of this variety of nationalities. With the exception of 200,000 lately arrived Japanese, who in their usual fashion have remained apart from the nation, and a few Germans, foreign origins have been put aside and the immigrants have identified themselves with Brazil.

In a nation as big as Brazil the problem of communications is inevitably of front rank importance. In that respect Brazil is both blessed and cursed. She is not, as is the case with so many of her neighbors, imprisoned by mountains. There is a tremendous natural system of inland waterways, 40,000 navigable miles. Ocean steamers can travel 2,000 miles up the Amazon to Manaus at any time of year, and at high water, steam to Iquitos clear across the breadth of Brazil to the Peruvian border. It is possible to go from Trinidad—at the mouth of the Orinoco—by boat to Montevideo, 3,000 miles to the south, without ever touching the ocean.

Overland Travel

There the advantages end and the disadvantages begin. Only Sao Paulo, Rio Grande do Sul and Minas Gerais, the power trio, have a road system adequate to local needs. An overwhelming percentage of Brazil's 21,240 miles of railroads is also concentrated in this region. Land transport between these three and the 18 other states, with few exceptions, does not exist.

The causes for the gaps in overland communications can be stated briefly. The distances to be spanned are tremendous

Continue on next page

PORTUGUESE CLASSES

The following classes in Portuguese will begin Monday, August 23rd. They will be held five days a week on the fifth floor of Tech School for all who are interested in learning Portuguese.

4:30 to 5:30—Class for Instructors

5:30 to 6:30—Class for Office Personnel

and loneliest is the basin worn by the gargantuan 4,000-mile-long Amazon and its two-hundred-odd tributaries. Better known and still sparsely populated is the northeast "coatinga region," a half-forest, half-desert expanse of uplands. Wealthiest and best endowed are the mountains and plateaus of the central and southern area which melt as they near the Atlantic into the narrow, fertile, coastal plain. They differ widely.

The flood plain of the Amazon in a melancholy shadow-world of jungle — savage and relentless. Voracious ants — tachys, tucandeiras, and cariogadeiras — rule its banks unchallenged. Its waters are the domain of carnivorous, sawtoothed gangster fish—piranhas and candirus. Le Cointe, an authority on jungles, refers to the latter as "very small and uniquely pre-occupied with evil doing."

Hopeless War

Life there for the human animal is amphibious, an endless and hopeless war against predatory green walls of matted vegetation, floods, snakes, insects and fish. Above the flood plain, on firm ground, nature is more hospitable. The hardwood forests, typical of higher tropical jungle, admit the sun. The climate divides itself between heavy tropical rains and a dry season that begets clear livable weather. The land can be cleared and worked. Such is the Amazon basin — 2,225,000 square miles of Brazil.

In the northeastern highlands the altitudes of 1,000 to 3,000 feet make for a mild climate, but there is feast or famine, according to the weather. Although the rainfall averages as high as 58 inches an-

CUBAN NOVELIST VISITS TECH



Enrique Serpa (left) feature writer of El Pais of Cuba and well known Latin-American novelist, and A. B. Canal (right) of the Office of Inter-American Affairs are seen chatting with Eric Sundstrom, Inter-American Coordinator, while visiting the Tech School last week.

TRAINS RADIO WAR WORKERS



Leland B. Terry, formerly of Huntington, W. Va., is now training men and women for War work as head of the Radio department at Tech. He was with Station WSAZ in Huntington for ten years.

TERRY NOW SERVES AT EMBRY-RIDDLE

Leland B. Terry, who was with Station WSAZ in Huntington, W. Va., for ten years as transmitter engineer and operator, is aiding the War effort today by training men and women to take vital posts in the services, the merchant marine, airports, radio stations and other communication fields.

As head of the Radio department at Tech School, he has seen his former students receive their various grades of telephone and telegraph licenses and move into these fields to keep communications open and operating at peak wartime efficiency.

Terry has served in both the Army and the Navy and would be in the Navy today except for his rejection for physical reasons. He was with the Army's Seventh Cavalry at Fort Bliss, Texas, for one year, and later spent four years in the Navy, joining in 1924.

December 7

His old ship, the Tennessee, was in Pearl Harbor when the Japs attacked on December 7th. While in the Navy, he travelled to Central and South America, Samoan Islands, Alaska, New Zealand and Australia and received his rating as a radio man, first class. When he left active service in 1928, he became a member of the U. S. Naval Communications Reserves.

Terry has been an active "ham," amateur radio operator, holding the call letters W8NRX in Huntington and changing to W4GVT when he came to Miami. He intends to continue with his "ham" work when it is again possible after the War.

After spending ten years with Station WSAZ in Huntington, Terry spent two years in Raleigh, N. C., supervising the installation of Station WRAL there in 1938.

One of the most interesting developments in Wartime radio, Terry says, is the skill women have shown in radio maintenance and communication work. Many of his

former women students are now doing radio work in the WAVES, and others are holding down a variety of important positions formerly occupied by men. He predicts that women will continue with their interest in radio as a career after the War as well as now.

CARO SENHOR

Sr. A. Ponso
Professor de Portugues
Escola de Aviação Embry-Riddle
Caro Senhor!

Eu gostaria muito de aprender mais sobre a lingua portuguesa para que eu esteja mais preparado para ensinar coisas sobre a aviação. Eu posso falar um pouco mas gostaria de poder falar muito mais.

Eu tenho estudado na gramatica Williams e no livro; "Cantos e anedotas brasileiras," mas nao e bastante. Tambem tenho escutado aos discos "Lingua-fone" em algumas noites com os Srs. Burton e Stall e Ellis; isto e uma ajuda grande.

Eu e os meus amigos temos feito estas coisas porque nos esperamos ir para o Brasil para o futuro. Alguma coisa que o Sr. pode fazer sera muito apreciada.

Sinceramente,
CHUMP the 1st

PRAISE FROM BRAZIL

The following article concerning the Fly Paper is translated from the "Boletim da Directoria de Aeronautica Civil," a booklet printed in Rio de Janeiro under the direction of the Minister of Civil Aeronautics. Its purpose is to exchange news.

"Fly Paper — We received from Miami another most interesting number of 'Fly Paper.' Due to its great output, this little paper appears in all continents, and the one who reads it once will become its steady reader. Full of useful teachings, its pages charm especially by reason of its lessons of optimism and the joy that it transmits."

BRAZIL

Continued from preceding page

and the terrain in the interior difficult. Scant population to be served makes justification of the high-cost-per-mile.

Fortunately, the airways are confronted with no such difficulties and Brazil virtually has stepped from the oxcart into the plane. Recent nationalization of an extensive German system of airlines which had flourished under the wing of Deutsche Lufthansa for several decades, plus the Pan American network, Panair do Brazil, and a southern loop service give the country a modern and fast air service for both passengers and freight.

The Brazilian army also operates a national service 9,000 route-miles in length which opens up otherwise isolated sections. The rest of the Brazilians, whose lands border no rivers and adjoin neither highway nor airline, travel by mulepack and oxcart. There is no alternative.

HEAD OF DRAFTING DEPT.



Sheldon Wells, native of Punxsutawney, Penna., and head of the Drafting and Design department at Tech, is seen working on a preliminary airplane design to serve as a source of practical problems for students. Many of his former students are now aiding the War effort in major aircraft plants throughout the nation.

BOYHOOD INTEREST BECOMES CAREER

As head of the Drafting and Design department at Tech, Sheldon Wells, native of Punxsutawney, Penna., is training men and women who are helping to make United States Warplanes the best in the world.

Many of his former students are now aiding the War effort in major aircraft plants throughout the nation. One of his students, for example, is a chief draftsman in the engineering room of one of the leading aircraft concerns, while another is serving as a contractual engineer.

Wells came here from Clearfield, Penna., two-and-a-half years ago and organized Embry-Riddle's Drafting and Design department. His students are trained in specific phases of engineering, doing such jobs as drafting, layout work and detail design.

He was born and reared in Punxsutawney, attending the elementary school and graduating from high school there in 1936. While in high school, he was president of the Science club. His interest in aviation dates from his high school days, when he won the scale model plane contest, sponsored by the Junior Birdmen of America, for the Pittsburgh area, with his model receiving seventeenth place in the national ranking. Now, working in aviation all day, he has changed his hobby to photography.

After being graduated from high school, he studied design drafting at the Clearfield School of Aviation, Clearfield, Penna., and worked as an instructor for the school, as well as doing experimental design drafting for the Hardin Aircraft Co., Clearfield.

Wells married the former Miss Mildred Fear of Punxsutawney two years ago. He has a brother, Norwood, who is a Flight Cadet in the Army Air Forces. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Wells, live in Harrisburg.

Wells and his wife are making their home in Miami at 4370 S. W. 2nd St.

EMMITT VARNEY CONDUCTS TOUR OF ENGINE OVERHAUL



From left to right are: Fred Foote, Assistant General Manager of Embry-Riddle Aircraft and Engine Overhaul Division; Louis Miller, Assistant Area Director of the Manpower Commission; Ben Turner, Head of the Embry-Riddle Legal department; Major H. C. Wall, Assistant State Director of Selective Service; Col. H. E. Couchman, State Director of Selective Service; Emmitt B. Varney, Director of Personnel at Embry-Riddle; and Charles Grafflin, General Manager of Aircraft and Engine Overhaul. The group were luncheon guests of John Cook, Personnel Director of Pan American, at the Dinner Key Station of Pan American last week. In the afternoon they toured the Engine Overhaul Division of Embry-Riddle.

COLONNADE CANNONADE

by Frances Wiest

PLACE—The Colonnade Building.

TIME—It's A Secret.

JURY—The Gremlins.

"The Defendant will please take the stand and face the Court. Raise your right hand and repeat after me"

"I, Frances Wiest, swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

Having duly been sworn, I sat down and tried to look nonchalant until a loud voice boomed through the Court, "Your Honor, the Prosecuting Attorney accuses the Defendant of *Snooping Around the Colonnade for News*."

His Honor, Judge Varney, said, "Proceed with the trial."

Looking into my innocent face stared a pair of beady eyes. Then I heard a voice say, "Did you or did you *not* go into the Records Room at 3:15 on Wednesday, August 17th, to see Anne Park?"

Trying to abide by the oath I had taken, I said that I had.

"What did you do there?" bellowed the Attorney.

Meekly I replied, "I was walking through the office when without warning I was accosted by Anne Park with her version of 'How To Become An Outstanding Wolfess' by showing me her daily exercises."

The Attorney glared at me and said, "Then you went there intentionally?"

"No, I was just passing through," I stated, trying not to look guilty.

Then he asked, "Where did you go afterwards?"

I replied, "To get a drink of water."

"But," the Attorney questioned, "the water cooler is approximately 30 feet from the Gas Rationing department where you were last seen."

I had to answer, "I glimpsed pretty Helen Pennoyer with a lovely orchid in her hair and I couldn't resist looking at it.

It was a gift from her sister Connie's (of Mr. Riddle's office) husband, Sub/Lt. Dennis Henshaw, who has just returned from a combat zone."

The Attorney stepped a little closer to the Jury in that self satisfied way of his and said, "Gentlemen of the Jury, isn't it plain that she is guilty? I maintain that she was sent by Herr Mullis and conveniently located to gather choice bits of news. She sits by the phone where she knows who calls in and who calls out and *who* they call; her job requires her to go to different departments on disguised missions. It is obvious that she is guilty and I ask the Jury to charge her with *Snooping in the First Degree*. The evidence before you is a conviction in itself. May I also say that the Defendant *didn't* return to her desk immediately afterwards—. Why? Because there was a premeditated motive, carefully planned and long thought out. She went directly to the Identification department." Whirling around to face me he said, "What were you doing there?"

Hesitantly, I replied, "I had noticed 'Deep In The Heart Of Texas' (alias Maxine Hurtt) looked particularly radiant lately. Endeavoring to find out why—I came upon the answer quite unexpectedly. It was because of a large photo on her desk of hubby John, who is winning the War for her somewhere at sea."

"I object," called the Attorney for the Defendant. "With the Court's permission I would like to examine the witness in the Case."

Judge Varney said, "Objection sustained."

I saw Skippy Sandberg take the stand and repeat the oath. She looked wan and seemed to be nothing but *skin and bones*. I guess that the trial had been too much for her.

My Attorney questioned, "It has been

proven that you deliberately showed the Defendant a letter from Helen Bass, formerly connected with the Records room and now working in Trinidad, wherein she stated that she missed Embry-Riddle and the congenial office force. Isn't that true?"

Skippy had no alternative but to reply that it was true. The Attorney withdrew his examination and faced the Jury.

"Gremlins of the Jury, look at this innocent victim of circumstances. She was merely asked to be a guest writer for this week's column. Through no fault of her own she was viciously misjudged as to have been intently *listening* to remarks made by fellow workers. Picture this gentle girl walking through the office and accidentally picking up bits of news. Suddenly she is besieged unmercifully and wrongly accused. I have here the exhibits which she heard, namely:

A. That Mr. Graves, our Safety Director, has started a class in Engraving.

B. That Kay Dean, pretty station wagon driver, has returned to the fold.

C. That Joan Vreeland and Edith Zidonek have received their diplomas from Mr. Baker of the Parachute department and are now full fledged parachute riggers.

D. That Glen Kuhl of the Insurance department will be in Union City for two weeks and is leaving his office in care of his efficient secretary, Emma Carnivale.

E. That Evelyn Arnold, formerly of Insurance, has been transferred to the Accounting office and everyone on the first floor misses her.

F. That "Sun-tans" on the second floor are running rampant—and Betty Hirsch's takes the prize.

G. That boss Fletcher Gardner of Accounts Payable is leaving the Colonnade in favor of his farm at Lake Wales.

H. That Mr. Liversedge had a letter from Frank Sessler this week and all are glad that he is keeping up with us through the Fly Paper.

I. That Ethel McCombs, our capable switchboard operator, has returned from a long illness; everyone is glad to see that she is back.

"Your Honor, the Case rests."

Judge Varney said, "The Jury will leave the room and return with the verdict *Guilty or Not Guilty* under the statutes of this Court."

The Gremlins reappeared in exactly two minutes and 59 seconds with their decision. "The Court finds the Defendant guilty of *Snooping Around the Colonnade for News* and shall receive the full penalty of the law—10 minutes of hard labor at her typewriter."

Court Adjourned!

RATION BOOKS

All supplemental gasoline ration books must be exchanged immediately. Contact the ration board at the Colonnade.

"A" books need not be exchanged.

KEEP FIT

by Otto F. Hempel, Jr.

Recently published figures show that, contrary to general belief, the greatest single cause of absenteeism is employee illness.



Otto

It is a job for each of us to see that not only are we on the job every day but that our efficiency is up to 100%.

In order to do our work well we must feel well, and that requires constant attention to

good health habits.

The necessity of adequate food assimilation, including a proper balance of the fat, carbohydrate and protein intake coupled with at least the minimum vitamin requirements, cannot be overstressed. Food is only one part of the good health trilogy. The second requirement is an adequate amount of restful sleep. One cannot set definite rules as to the number of hours each individual requires. For some the average of eight hours is sufficient, but on the other hand some may require ten to twelve hours and others find that four to six is adequate.

All Work and No Play

The third factor is exercise and recreation. "All work and no play" is as a propos as ever. It is impossible to maintain one's energy level without a chance to change the type of work in which one is engaged. Therefore, we find it necessary to interrupt our work periods with moments of relaxation either at play or else in occupying ourselves with our hobbies.

It was with the idea in mind of fostering better health among the employees

that Embry-Riddle made available the facilities of its Medical department so that all of us might have the opportunity to have a physical examination and thus ascertain our present physical condition. We should take all necessary steps to remedy any defects which were found at that time.

Recreational Facilities

In addition to this, recreation has been fostered by the sports and recreational program. There is the bowling league and the baseball league and all of us are urged to participate either actively or as spectators. For others there are the language classes, an avocation which will be well rewarded in the future. Then too, we have the various Embry-Riddle dances at which we may relax and play and meet our fellow workers.

The matter of food and sleep is left up to each of us and it is perhaps a personal problem, but nevertheless, with so much dependent on 100% efficiency and production, it has become a matter of national interest in these days.

Let us then remember that part of our job on the home front is to maintain our physical efficiency at 100% so that we may have 100% production. To this end let us work hard, play hard, eat adequately and sleep well.

Safety Tips

by Henry B. Graves, Safety Director

Thirty years ago it was considered "sissy" to disinfect a scratch. Even today arms, legs and lives are lost because some men cling to the false notion that small wounds are not dangerous.

If you get a cut or a scratch, get first-aid immediately. Better than that, avoid cuts and scratches in the first place. That's the best way to protect yourself from infection. The following suggestions from the National Safety Council will help to do this.

Don't throw sharp-edged knives loosely into kitchen drawers. Racks for kitchen cutting tools are cheap and safe.

Open cans with openers, not butcher knives. Openers with disc cutters, which fold cut edges under, are safer than the "pry type"; but if you must use the latter, keep your hands out of the way, use short lifting strokes, and be wary of jagged edges.

Keep ice picks sheathed when not in use.

Razor blades are designed for shaving, not for paring corns or toe-nails or sharpening pencils. Dispose of used blades promptly and properly. Don't throw them into wastebaskets or leave them on wash basins or on medicine cabinet shelves where hands, little or big, can get cut by them.

When using a knife, chisel, ax, hatchet or other sharp tool, cut away from yourself. Make sure you won't suffer even if the tool unexpectedly slips.

A. D. D.'s

by Dorothy Goyer

Our headquarters was rather lonesome the latter part of last week when Lt. Bacon went to Warner Robins on business. Several Commanding Officers from other Detachments were also present for the conferences at Warner Robins, and we assume that everything is under control as Lt. Bacon looks as cheerful as ever.

It certainly was pleasant meeting the Classification Analyst from Warner Robins, Miss Josephine S. Buford. She arrived at our Detachment on the 19th and spent several days with us. For such a petite gal, she surely gave us a good going over. However, some of us are wondering if we are cases of "Mistaken Identity."

With Us Again

We're glad to see Fred Merritt, our senior Instrument Inspector, back from an emergency trip to his home, and we're glad that his wife is rapidly recovering.

Our Supply department is always in trouble, something I must admit even though everyone over there is swell. For instance, Marie Keilitz' case is on the verge of being handed over to the Brown-Jones We-Find-'Em Agency. To say nothing of Lois Whitenack, who is actually leaving the "Sunny" State of Florida for that State where it never rains(?) California.

Then there was the time a way back when V. V. Roush was showing some tricks and fell off the ladder and broke three ribs. However, there is a newcomer in that department who looks somewhat promising—Pauline Slotkin. How're you doing?

"Inner Sanctum"

I just gazed into the "Inner Sanctum" where my buddy, Miss Mac, should be sitting, but she's home today. I'm hoping she will be all right tomorrow.

Judging from the number of conferences now being held by Detachment members, our Detachment must have been bitten by the same bug as W.R.A.S.C. We now have administrative conferences, general conferences and conferences for Inspectors and Supply Personnel, not to mention the ones with Embry-Riddle officials and others. If you have a wail or a worry, bring it to a conference. I'll be seeing you—in conference.

PARACHUTE RIGGERS



Happy at having just received their diplomas for successfully completing a parachute rigging course under the direction of Paul Baker of the Colonnade, Edith Zidonek, right, and Joan Vreelan, grin broadly at each other.

NEW STUDENTS

Newest arrivals at the Embry-Riddle dormitory for girls at 235 Majorca, Coral Gables, are Dorothy Moran of Washington, D. C. who is taking a Link training course at the Colonnade and Edith Chapman of Plant City who is studying Radio Communications at Tech.



Jack Hopkins, Editor

Ralph Thyng, Jerry Greenberger, Bob Ahern, Pat McGehee, Bob Fowler, Harold Curtis, Louise Roath, Kenneth Bourne, John Egley, Kenneth Fisher, Mary Leonard, Doris Archibald, John Manners, Associate Editors

Having spent most of the past newsweek in the Hospital, we've had to hustle the last few days in order to scare up some news for you.



Hoppy

First off, may we thank Capt. Wilkins, Lt. Cash and their entire hospital staff, Sgts. Studley and Horanic; Cpls. Schoenherr and Bemus; and "Shorty," Ray and Kellogg, for the excellent treatment

we received. You may be sure, gentlemen, that your efforts have been greatly appreciated.

We would also like to extend our appreciation to those of you who were kind enough to come in and see us.

A free spaghetti dinner for Instructor Club Members, prospective members and their guests will mark the reopening of the Instructor's Club Saturday, August 28. The interior of the club has been redecorated completely by the new custodians, Painter and Mrs. Al Garrone, and a new series of entertainment is expected to revive interest in the club.

New Officers were elected at a meeting this past Tuesday and the names will be announced in the next issue.

So, come on all you guys and gals, let's troup to the Instructor's Club tonight and eat some of that famous DeMarco spaghetti and join in the fun.

Contest Successful

Quite a bit of interest was shown in the Guessing Contest last week, and we received several requests for the answers to the descriptions. The winners of the contest will be announced next week, but in the meantime, here are the correct answers: (1) 1st/O Bob Ohlinger, Advanced Instructor; (2) the late G. Willis Tyson, General Manager; (3) Virginia Horanic, Ground School Secretary; (4) Sam Smoke, Guard; (5) Douglas Allen, Bus Driver.

Another contest will be forthcoming in the near future. In it Cadets, as well as

the Field Personnel, will have an opportunity to win the cash prizes of \$5.00, \$3.00 and \$1.00.

News Bits

Leola Jacobs, Cashier in the Canteen, suffered a slight concussion as the result of a fall last week. The injury was not considered serious, and she intends to be back at work the first of the week.

And a good time was had by all. (At least by the mosquitoes.) This was the report received from the fishing excursion to Everglades City by several Primary Instructors last week-end. Those enjoying the trip were: Wilson and Mrs. Dozier, Harry and Mrs. Langhorne, Bill and Mrs. Blume, Phil and Mrs. Kinsey, Fred Brittain, Jed Coleman and Oliver Martinez.

While we haven't met him yet, we are happy to welcome Cadet John Manners to our Fly Paper staff. John will cover Course 16 for us.

Cpl. Bemus of the hospital staff is enjoying a furlough.

Mrs. Edith Daughtery of the Timekeeping department has just returned from a visit with her daughter who is a WAVE stationed in San Francisco.

Course 16, in particular, and several members of Courses 14 and 15, in general, saw to it that the SPARS in Palm Beach were entertained this past week-end. A few of the boys also went down to Miami.

Ground School Instructor Fowler is conducting navigation classes for the Flight and Link Instructors each Tuesday even-

ONE YEAR AGO



Maintenance Dept.: Left to right, Norwood Latimer, Marty Bennett and Bob Reese, with Mort Feldman Watching.

BENEFIT DANCE

at

Sugarland Auditorium, Clewiston

on

Saturday, September 18

Benefit Cadet Club and P.S.I.
(Sports) Funds

Music by Army Dance Band
from 9 B.T.S., Miami Beach

\$2.00 per Couple

\$1.50 Stag

Reserve the evening for this occasion now!

ing at 7:00 p.m. in the Ground School.

S/Sgt. Phil Kinmon of Capt. Persinger's administrative staff has been accepted as an Aviation Cadet and is awaiting orders to report for his training.

The following clipping was sent to us by Sgt. Hellewell (Course 10, whose letter appears on page 5). It concerns S/L MacLachlan who has been to this Field several times giving lectures on fighter planes and tactics. As can be seen, the Squadron Leader is now back in action and going strong. However, unconfirmed reports since this article was written report that S/L MacLachlan has been reported missing on a later raid.

THE 2-MAN 'SWEEP' TO PARIS

Bag: Six Fighters In 10 Minutes

In ten minutes yesterday two British fighter pilots operating alone over France shot down six enemy aircraft in three combats.

The pilots were one-armed Squadron Leader J. A. F. MacLachlan, D.S.O., D.F.C. and bar, the intruder ace, and Flight Lieut. A. G. Page, who was shot down in the Battle of Britain in August, 1940 and badly burned.

For MacLachlan it was his first operational sortie since he returned from special duties in the United States; for Page it was his first operational flight after some 18 months in hospital and "learning to fly and fight again."

In two Mustangs they flew into France. They had penetrated to the Paris area before they saw their first victims — three Henschel 126's, German Army Co-operational aircraft, flying near St. Leger. All three were shot down. Two fell to Squadron-Leader MacLachlan.

South of Paris

Then they flew on to Limours, where Flt. Lieut. Page sent another Henschel 126 crashing down in flames.

The two Mustangs flew on to Bretigny airfield, south of Paris. "We had the luck to see two Ju. 88's going in to land," commented Squadron-Leader MacLachlan. "One actually had its wheels down as we both went in to attack."

MacLachlan hit it, Page finished it off. The second Ju. 88 was caught 100 feet up and destroyed.

MAINTENANCE

Word has been received here from "Witch" Myers that he has soloed a P.T. When? On no other day than Friday the 13th. "Witch" was formerly Assistant to the Superintendent of Maintenance of Riddle Field. All his friends and fellow employees are glad to hear that he is doing so well.

Has the Navy been cutting in on Miles? Has Miles been scuttled? Wait for the amazing answer in the very near future. And while on this subject, we hear that Marty Bennett is making plans for post-war employment. Marty plans to go into the Automotive Industry, selling Buicks or something like that.

Riddle Field Maintenance recently was honored by a visit from Warrant Officer Vandergrift of Maxwell Field and four Superintendents of Maintenance from Air Training Schools in South Carolina. Those accompanying Mr. Vandergrift were: Bob Carter of Georgia Air Service, Co., Bennettsville, S. C.; A. B. Anderson of Southern Aviation School, Inc., Camden, S. C.; Sam R. Monschke of Hawthorne School of Aero, Orangeburg, S. C.; and C. E. Gobbel of Law Aviation School, Camden, S. C. We hope their visit was pleasant and that we may be able to visit them in the very near future.

If anyone is interested in writing a human interest story, we think Riddle Field would be an ideal setting. There are men from at least six different countries working together, side by side, and of course boys in flight training represent many countries in the English Commonwealth. In the Maintenance department we have boys from El Salvador, Nicaragua, Venezuela, Chile, Argentina and Uruguay. We find these boys very pleasant and good workers. If the rest of the world would use this as an example of friendly relation-

ship among foreign governments, everyone would be prosperous and War and disagreement would be a thing of the past.

R. J. "Greaseball" Reese, Chief Hangar Inspector, has taken up a new profession. It is that of house painter. You can always tell what color paint Bob uses because he has as much on him as he does on the house. P.S.—We haven't seen the house yet, but we have seen Bob, or at least we think it's Bob peering out through the turpentine and other paint removers.

The number one song at the Riddle Field Canteen is "Pistol Packing Mama." It looks as if the juke box always hangs up at this number, or do Jack Water and Timmy Radford spend all their money hearing this song?

One Year Ago

August 27, 1942—Don Budge, World's Professional Tennis Champion, gives tennis demonstrations and instructions at Riddle Field as a part of his duties as Embry-Riddle Athletic Director—he is assisted by his brother Lloyd—W/C Kenneth Rampling, C/O at this Field, is transferred to Maxwell Field—he is succeeded by W/C T. O. Prickett—Leila Brannan, Canteen Manager, is Lady of the Week—Air Commodore D. V. Carnegie, who inspected this Field last week, and Miss Kathleen Pugson of Washington and London were married at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Paul Riddle in Miami.

FREDERICK ROBERT YOUNG

Frederick Robert Young, former house man at the Instructor's Club, passed away Thursday, August 20, at the Clewiston Hospital. He was 47 years old and is survived by a sister, Mrs. Walden Carron of Ridgefield, N. J. Funeral services were held Monday, August 23, in Arcadia, with several Instructor Club members serving as pall bearers.

FORMER CADET FROM No. 5 BFTS SEES ACTION

The following letter to John Paul Riddle, with the accompanying pictures are self explanatory. We received the permission of Wing Commander Greaves of Riddle Field and of the late G. Willis Tyson to publish them in this issue.

Riverbank Works
Pollokshaws
Glasgow, Scotland
June 23, 1943

Dear Mr. Riddle:

It was very kind indeed of you to reply to my letter, and I am grateful that you sent a further copy of the illustrated book on No. 5 BFTS for my son's use and a spare copy for me. As I said before, my family regard these as most valuable records, and we appreciate the handsome way in which you have responded to my request.

My son evidently is doing well in his job with the Eighth Army. He was appointed pilot officer in February. He has seen a lot of fighting from El Alamein onwards, and the value of his training has been demonstrated on many occasions.

I am enclosing two prints—one an official War picture giving details of an incident in which he took part with his squadron, and the other picture of him in which he describes as his "kite."

He, on occasion, comes across other members of No. 5 BFTS and he tells me that they greatly enjoy exchanging experiences and recalling the time they trained under your care.

Wishing you well at Clewiston,

Yours sincerely,
A. C. Brown

FORMER RIDDLE FIELD CADET ON ACTIVE DUTY



On the left is Sgt. Robert N. S. Brown, who won his wings at Riddle Field, in what he calls his "Kite." He is also pictured at the extreme right with pilots who took part in sorties over Tripolitania. Eight ME.109s were destroyed and two were damaged by Allied fighters in two sorties. In the first an RAF Squadron found the enemy strafing our forward troops. They attacked immediately and shot down five fighters and damaged another. In the second, three enemy aircraft were destroyed and one damaged. All our aircraft returned safely. The RAF pilots who took part in the first sortie are pictured above: From left to right, F/L J. E. Edwards of Saskatchewan, Canada; F/O G. Fallows of Kaponga, New Zealand; P/O D. England of Yeovil, Somerset, England; P/O L. J. Sheppard of Newport, Monmouth, England; F/O J. H. R. Thornhill from London; and Robert Brown, whose home is in Glasgow, Scotland. (Official British Photograph, published by permission of W/C George Greaves.)

GYRO NOTES

by Walter H. Dick

Here we are at the beginning of another week and good old summer time is in full bloom. Now is the time to enjoy those



swims and tall cool drinks and those quick afternoon rains. I say now is the time for soon comes September with Labor Day and then fall, which, while delightful, lacks that certain something that summer days have and I don't

mean heat. Mentioning September brings to mind the Tenth, the closing date of the Gyro contest—get your entry in before that date.

The past week, even today, continues to bring us good news of our boys and those of our allies on the fighting front. Yes, even Japan, it is now revealed, has lost another of her aggressive naval men.

We here at home are prone to become lax during continued periods of good news—don't do it, folks, for that is the stuff from which news is made. Let each of us do our very best both at our work and in the purchase of War Bonds and Stamps. It pays big dividends—it secures your country by supplying fighting equipment to our forces. It also saves that extra money you are making for any depression period which may follow this War.

Ever see any currency of the Confederacy? Its monetary value is gone—only valued by collectors of relics and the like. Would you like your money to fall into that category? It could if we were not to win this War. We can lose if we do not support our government to the utmost. Buy Bonds Today!

TRANSPORTATION

Due to the scarcity of tires, tubes and gasoline necessary to operate our Transportation department, as well as numerous requests from the Ration Board for reduced mileage, the following instructions must be adhered to by everyone requiring use of company vehicles.

At 9:30 a.m. daily except Sunday, a Station Wagon will leave the front of the Tech School and go into town via Aircraft Overhaul, Warehouse and Purchasing department. It will remain in town three-quarters of an hour and return via the same route. Anyone wishing transportation into town must arrange to be on this Station Wagon.

This trip will be repeated in the afternoon, leaving from the front of Tech School at 2:00 p.m. At 9:30 a.m. a Station Wagon will leave from the Colonnade and go to

town and return by 11:00 a.m. At 3:15 p.m. this trip will be repeated.

Persons wishing transportation between Tech School, Colonnade and Chapman Field must catch the bus. Schedules are posted on all Bulletin Boards. No charge will be made for this trip if for business, and passes can be obtained from Division Heads and surrendered to drivers.

Persons in the Purchasing department, Warehouse and Aircraft Overhaul desiring transportation to Chapman Field must arrange to catch the Station Wagon returning from town in order to enable them to catch the bus at Tech School; however, they may arrange the previous day to report to work at the Tech School or Colonnade so that they can catch an early bus.

There is no additional bus service to Chapman Field at the present time, but if necessity demands, a larger bus will be supplied, once in the morning and once in the late afternoon.

Emergency

A Station Wagon may be obtained in case of emergency; however, only a definite number of emergency trips will be made each month for each division. Careful consideration must be given to emergencies.

Each Division Head is required to sign a release for each person wishing emergency transportation. There will be no form printed for this but will be written on a piece of note paper containing the following information: Person's name, destination, reason and time required to make trip. This slip will be surrendered to driver.

Please comply with these regulations.

LETTERS

"I am sorry I could not thank you personally for giving me this opportunity at the last few minutes before shipment. I can honestly say I wanted to come here in such a bad way. I am making out very well, at least I think so.

"I also want you to know that I learned a great deal during my stay at Embry-Riddle and I want to thank you and anyone else who had anything to do with my training. So long and until I hear from you, "Keep the Boys Coming."

Editor's Note: the above is an excerpt from a letter to George T. Ireland from Cpl. Stanley Schultz, a graduate of 10-43-AMC who is now stationed in New York.

"Well, I guess it is about time I wrote to you. Most of the boys who were in your class with Mr. Stone are here with me in Australia. It is very nice over here.

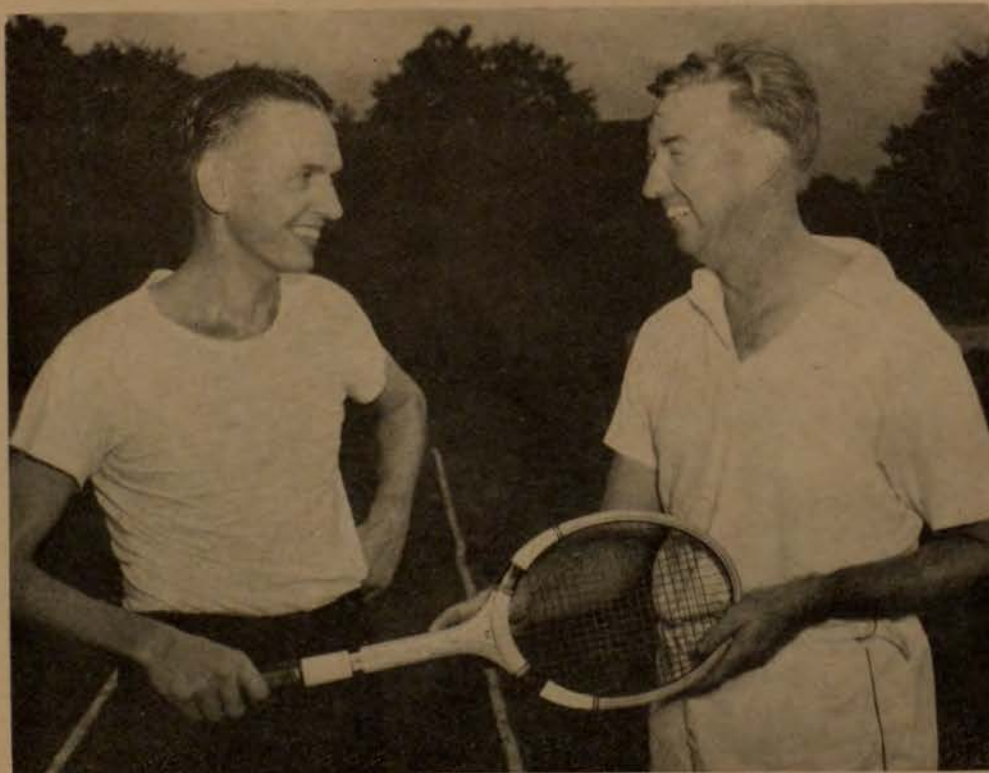
"It didn't take them long to ship us out after we were graduated from Embry-Riddle. It was three months after we left. The training we received at school is coming in very nicely out here.

"How are things going at school now? Are the girls still waiting on the tables? I hear they moved the lunch room downstairs where carburetion used to be.

"Give my regards to every one of the teachers."

Editor's Note: The above is a V-letter from Pfc. Theodore Allen, a graduate of 9-43-A, February 6, 1943, to Mr. J. V. D. Perrine of the Engine department.

WINNER OF SINGLES ROUND ROBIN



Lloyd Budge, right, Athletic Director, presents a racket to Lt. Frank L. Wells, after he mowed them all down in the singles round robin.

TECH TALK

by Lil Clayton

The nicest part about writing this column was Dorothy Burton's statement that I'm not a new girl anymore and should, therefore, take my place among the oldtimers; but she had to add "and share in the duties they perform." When Dorothy finished, I found out that it all added up to a request for this column this week. This necessitated digging myself out from under this pile of 42As and getting off the sixth floor to see what departments come under Tech. About time, methinks, and I enjoyed visiting around very much.

With An Accent

Have you wondered what certain people are giving out with in the halls, over telephones and at lunch? That is Portuguese with a North American accent, altho I did overhear someone say that Emmitt Varney's accent is Spanish, Ted Treff's is French and Betty Bruce's is just plain Bruce. We're still trying to figure out what the Fly Paper accent is! I wish "Ben" Turner would find time to study with the rest of them; I always wanted to hear Portuguese with a legal accent. If you don't think legal talk is a language of its own, ask me!

"DuBarry" McMurray of the Army office has made converts of Lillian, Nan and Kay, P.B.X. operators.

Ponso, unmarried, was amazed at the home chores of American husbands. Not to be outdone, however, Ponso, married, not only prepares breakfast, but dinner as well.

We are all delighted to hear of the return of Connie Henshaw's flier husband from England and know how happy they must be to be together after such a long time apart. Guess mine isn't the only wish to see a certain uniform on this side of the ocean. Do I hear a feminine chorus "You can say that again"?

Although Gene Bryan's new haircut is about three Fly Papers old, many complimentary comments have come to these ears regarding it. Looks mighty pretty, Gene. Speaking of hair-dos, how about Vadah's? It's very attractive with its cut and new curl. Wonder if this beautifying process of hers has anything to do with that "what I know about Vadah" rumor! That rumor, by the way—why do you suppose Betty Bruce is trying to throw Vadah into the limelight? To get an indirect light on herself? Incidentally, Betty, your new hair-do is lovely too.

Welcome to Jo Axtell who is back from her vacation. What a change for Jo, from a sunny beach, soothing waves and gentle breezes (not to forget the military atmosphere) to Frank Strahan with his Whereases and Now Therefore. By the way, Jo, Mr. Strahan has been gallivanting all around Clewiston and Arcadia.

Vacationers

Among other vacationers returning to the fold are Helene Hirsch and Lorraine Bosley, Military Training. To Ethel Tennyson, Estelle Woodward and Raymond Stewart, who are off for new scenes and faces, don't forget the usual cards "having a wonderful time, wish you were here!"

Mary Mitchel reports that she has had a card from Sgt. and Mrs. Gene Levoy who are now living in San Antonio, Texas. We hope you two aren't sizzling, as may be the case from the hot reports of Texas weather.

Tech welcomes Mary Conroy and Harry LeRoy to the Instructors School's new offices on the fifth floor which recently have been moved from Coral Gables, also Mrs. Floyd Brewer who is carving a career with the second floor specialists.

Friends of Betty Harrington will be glad

to hear that she is recuperating very nicely. She writes that her complete rest has given her back 9 lbs. of the 14 she couldn't afford to lose. Good luck, Betty. Here's hopin' you get back to par-real soon.

Charlie Maydwell, Portuguese linguist *extraordinário*, now teaches three days a week at Riddle Field.

Bill Bruce, Katherine and Betty's brother, whose cartoons we used to enjoy so much in the Fly Paper, is now writing fascinating letters of his life as a Navy Ensign training at the University of South Carolina. We're so glad you like it, Bill. Your reports of the weather up there and of the town surely sound glamorous. We know it's hard training, but you'll take it in the old Bruce stride. Best of luck to you, Bill.

Pauline Bodell, our hard-working Cashier, reports that she is giving her free time to the Service Mens' Recreation Pier. She encourages any gal from sixteen to sixty to help out over there as the men are very happy to converse with femmes for a change, and it does give us an opportunity to be useful and still have fun.

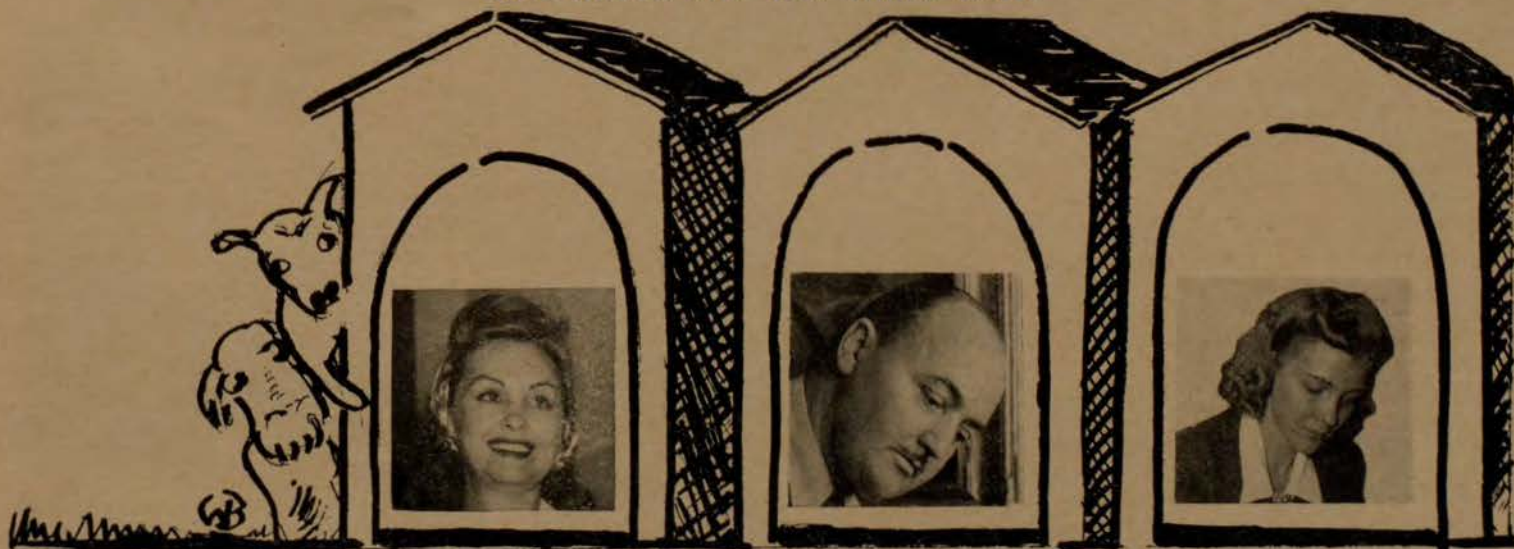
Zenette Leffingwell, Army office, celebrates her birthday sometime right about now. Happy Birthday, Zenette. Now when you get kidded about your extreme youth, you can say "Why, I'm nineteen!" (*Me, in a sotto voice — "Oh to be nineteen again."*)

Ben Beatty of the Stockroom has returned from his vacation in Middletown, Ohio, where he visited his grandchildren.

Although we on the sixth floor miss "Bob" Habig's voice from his former office, the tones now emitting therefrom are very familiar. When louder telephone conversations are held, "Bruz" Carpenter will be on one end of the wire and "Bob" Habig on the other. I must add that the first thing Mr. Carpenter did when he moved to our floor was break up our dignified house-keeping. Little Edna Callahan has been busy picking up the pieces.

Awright, I'll quit.

DOG HOUSE NOW HAS THREE UNITS



Dog House deserviers have become so numerous that we called out the carpenter crew and added a couple of wings. This week's trio of inmates are Tech Talk shirkers Marty Warren, "Jim" Lunnan and Katherine Williams. Marty doesn't seem to be a bit upset, but "Jim" and "Kay" bow their heads in shame.

RADIO FREQUENCY

by Betty Ordway

Welcome to the Inner Sanctum of the Radio department: D. E. Shires, H. L. James, Aaron Reed, Otto Grundmann, T.

E. Watson and Edith Chapman. Miss Chapman, who is from Plant City, lives at the Girls' Dormitory in Coral Gables.



Betty

The Advanced Class (as of August 23rd) wishes to bequeath to the new Communication students Roy

Moorhead, who, by the way, is a wonderful Instructor and person.

Ann Bailey gave me a large, live, black beetle the other day, carefully sealed in an official envelope. Except for a temporary cessation of heart-beat, it didn't bother me. But the joke stopped when Janet Williams almost ate it for a piece of candy when I showed it to her.

Henry Rehe has a bad cold; better hurry up and shake it, Henry, or people will complain that their radios have started to sneeze. But seriously, get over it soon.

G. Smith's crash bracelet certainly looks nice on Frances Gilmer's wrist . . . do I sense a romance brewing?

Foio! to the Drafting department. I just learned that they originally sent the now famous beetle to Ann. Keep to your drafting, neighbors, and leave such practical jokes to buggy people like us!

Wing Flutter

by Otto Hempel, Jr.

We were very pleased this morning to receive the following note from Lillian Trout who worked with us before and has now returned: "There is more than an earful going on around here at Aircraft these days. Folks don't realize the changes so much, but I have just returned after seven months' absence and things surely are different.

"For instance, 'Giggles' Wells was a 'dope' this time last year and now she's a regular 'Rosie the Riveter,' and none better, I hear. Mrs. Daniels is certainly going on the double to keep the work going through her department.

It's Legal

"Don Martin is still in the 'numbers racket,' I see (Job numbers of course).

"I was impressed by so many new faces. Aircraft seems to get the friendliest personnel, but then there's always been an air of congeniality at Aircraft Overhaul and everyone just naturally gets the fever."

OPPOSITE PAGE

In the upper left-hand picture on the opposite page Helen Pennoyer, Jackie Dillard, Connie Henshaw and Marty Warren gaze in adoration at the English Naval flier, Sub/Lt. Dennis Henshaw, who, shipwrecked with the Riddle-ites, promptly became lord and master of all he beheld on the Isle of Antilla. Upper right-hand picture is Art Ruhnke's "glamour shot" of our assistant editor, winner of the ladies' prize. Lower left is Art himself and personable wife "Ginnie." Art, in nightgown and cap, walked off with the men's prize. Lower right-hand shot has a slight Julius Caesar air, but actually it's our editor and sister Florrie Gilmore a la Turkish bath towel.

Many thanks for those kind words, Lillian, and we are certainly glad to have you back with us. Lillian's husband is in the Army Air Corps, so that makes them a 100% Army family.

Some of the girls went to the Shipwreck party and brought back accounts that should insure excellent attendance at subsequent parties.

Rumors are being bruited about that the girls are talking of a baseball team. When the idea has jelled, we would like to hear the details.

Passing Parade

Pitts Ingram is back from vacation and fully recovered from blessed eventing. Jack Pepper on vacation. Feminine heartbeats stilled. Ethel Mills now Mrs. Carothers. Our best wishes.

Jennie O'Neal's husband is home after an absence with the Navy. Fanny Feldman says she is sorry to disappoint us but it is still Harold as the one and only . . . do we hear wedding bells?

Wally Guestman in Sheet Metal is a former swimming champion. Dave Foster is an accomplished pianist. C. V. Wright blows a mean clarinet. Henry Bvacqua was a former stunt man for Paramount.

No More Hunt 'n Peck

We welcome to our office staff Medora Barling and Lettie Meunch. Maybe at long last we won't be faced by threat of having to do our own typing.

With saddened heart and copious tears we bid adieu to our little school girl and heartbreaker, Aleen Starner, who is off to the realm of higher education at Duke University. Too bad, no one for the boys in the shop to whistle at.

With this we follow our own advice and are off to bed.

*Nine little hot-dogs sizzling on a plate,
In came the soldiers—then they were ate.*

Castaways Frolic On Isle of Antilla

by Dorothy P. Burton

When wackier parties are wangled, Wain and her wily woman "Wadah" will wangle them, or see what you missed by not going to the Antilla Hotel and seeing the shipwrecked! Wain had managed to catch up a couple of bath towels before being cast away, and Florrie Gilmore had done likewise. The general effect was that of Ladies Nite at the Turkish Bath. Vadah, as the Coral Princess, won first prize for the ladies. Margaret Walker carried out the pirate decor in costume as well as cash, and how did you get the mercurochrome off.

Art Ruhnke, in long clinging nightie and boudoir cap, brought home the realization of how serious a shipwreck can be. Art and his wife were the life of the party as well as prize winners. Malcolm Byrnes and his beautiful new red-haired wife jitter-bugged like mad; and speaking of those "in the groove," how did I happen to miss that dignified executive, Willard Burton, jump-in' jiving with another good looking red head, Maxine Baer?

The question of the evening was "where is Charlie?" and not even at the magic hour of midnight did Mr. Maydwell put in an appearance. We wonder if he has lost his heart to Clewiston in one short week?

Those roistering three, Judge (Tech Order) Paine, John Young and Harvey Mitchell added considerably to the merriment of the evening. The Judge, an excellent dancer, was much in demand as a partner.

Our graduates, the former Inter-American Cadets, still show loyalty to the School parties, and on the dance floor were seen Willie Rivas and Anne, Jorge Robertson and date, and even the newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Adriano Ponso.

Four future generals from Class 26-43-D turned up late from the U.S.O. dance with a gargantuan box of sandwiches in tow. We fell on them like wolves (the sandwiches) and gave the gentlemen a big hand.

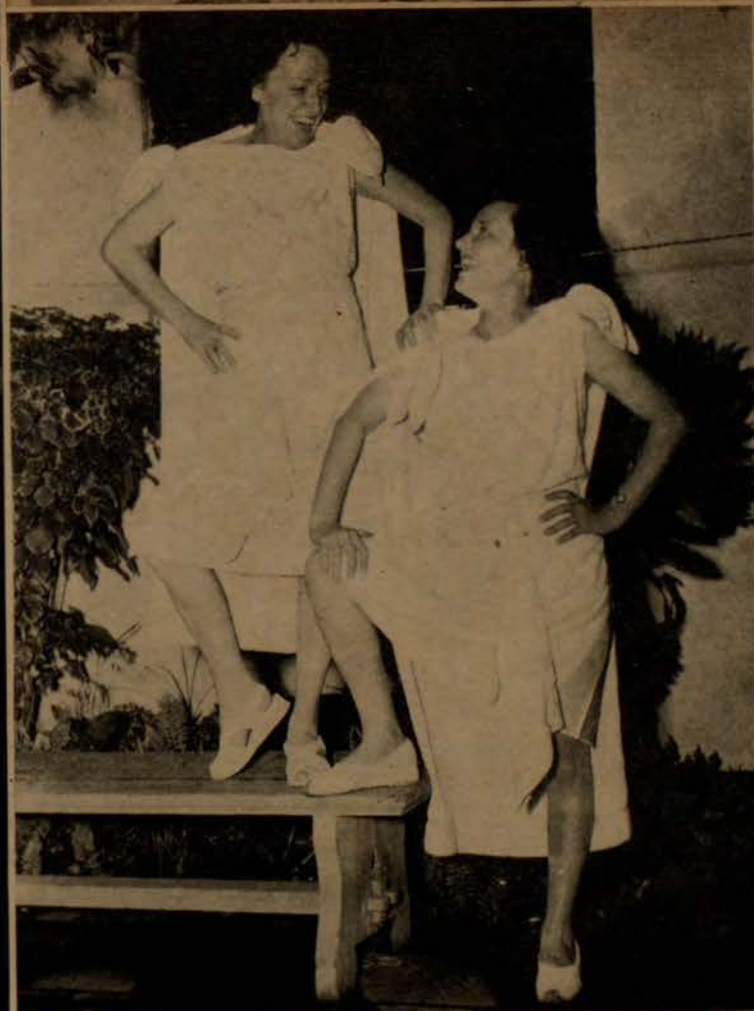
But the piece de resistance, the high spot of the evening, what made the price of admission worth it was the appearance of the native girls on the island where we were cast, the four beautiful Dillards (Marty Warren, Helen Pennoyer, Connie Henshaw and Jackie Dillard) complete with sarongs, bare feet, beads and tropical flowers in their hair. Always lovely, they were devastating this nite.

This evening also marked the first appearance at our dances of one of Britain's naval flying men, Sub Lieutenant Dennis Henshaw whose acquaintance we were all proud to make.

Altogether the party was a great success. The music was good, the dance floor roomy. And there is a lot to be said for having the party exclusively Embry-Riddle.

We had fun.

Shipwrecked at the Antilla





by Charles Grafflin

With the large number of engines constantly moving through the Engine Overhaul department, there isn't much glamour left after the first thousand or so.

Imagine my surprise when our Chief Inspector, Jack Hale, all smiles, called Superintendent Bill Ehne and yours truly to look at an engine which had come in for overhaul and had just been uncased.

There was nothing unusual about the engine that we could see. The crankcase was stamped with our company designation, flying time and last overhaul and date. The tags on the engine showed it to have had over 750 hours since last overhaul, which is not unusual, so we asked him what was different about it. His reply was "This is 59X."

That did mean something. 59X was the first engine sent here by the Army to be

used to set up the shop and train Overhaul personnel.

We moved into our present hangar July 3, 1942, engine and all. The roof wasn't all on, the floor was bare. Partitions were built, benches made, and almost hourly some new equipment would be fabricated from an apparent jumble of iron and steel.

59X was disassembled piece by piece. Fixtures were made to hold the various assemblies for work on them. Gauges were made for inspection, racks were made, departments were organized and personnel was trained in overhauling the component parts.

Mr. Horton, then as now, was busy helping us to get this or that, suggesting a procedure here or there, giving us the results of his experience and, last but not least, acting as a spark plug to our activity.

Came the day when things were pretty well organized and the Army sent us some more engines. We disassembled them, but unfortunately the parts were late in getting here.

Mr. Riddle would visit us, as he always has, seeing how we were getting along, helping us if he could and inspiring us with his vision and personality.

He would bring his friends out to see our shop and ask me to take them through the production line. I'd say, "Here's the door they come in," and take them as far as final assembly where the line stopped for lack of parts. After a dozen or so of these "tours," Mr. Riddle walked ahead of everyone and acted as if he were looking for something. I asked if I could help him. He said, "Yes, Charlie, I know the door where these engines come in. Where is the door they go out of?"

We were quite proud when we finally got going and did three engines a week. Then three a day! Then five a day! Just think of it! Wasn't that wonderful? Now we average better than an engine per hour and think nothing of it.

No one person has been responsible. We have been able to do our job so far through the teamwork, loyalty and hard work of everyone connected with the Engine Overhaul. It is inspiring to look around and see many of those who started from scratch still here and in there pitching every moment.

We salute you, engine 59X.

Guy gets
bolder...

Guy hits
boulder!



Sure, it's a great temptation to dive into one of thousands of unskilled jobs these days. A lot of folks don't look beneath the surface of today's high pay checks. If they did, they'd see that it's the TRAINED people who are really going places NOW and will keep on going up in THE YEARS AHEAD.

Here at Embry-Riddle, we're qualifying men and women for careers in one of the world's fastest growing industries. Aviation needs them NOW and LATER. Would you like to join them?



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